

# The Saturday News

VOL. 5.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1910.

No. 34.

## NOTE AND COMMENT

The Saturday News is this week issued in the same form as during the first few years of its existence. The change from the small to the large sized pages was prompted by certain mechanical difficulties in connection with the former. These have now been overcome. That the arrangement to which they have now returned is best calculated to serve the interests of all concerned, the publishers are convinced. A neater appearance is obtained. The reader is able to handle the paper much more easily. The advertiser receives an improved service because of the better display which is given his announcements.

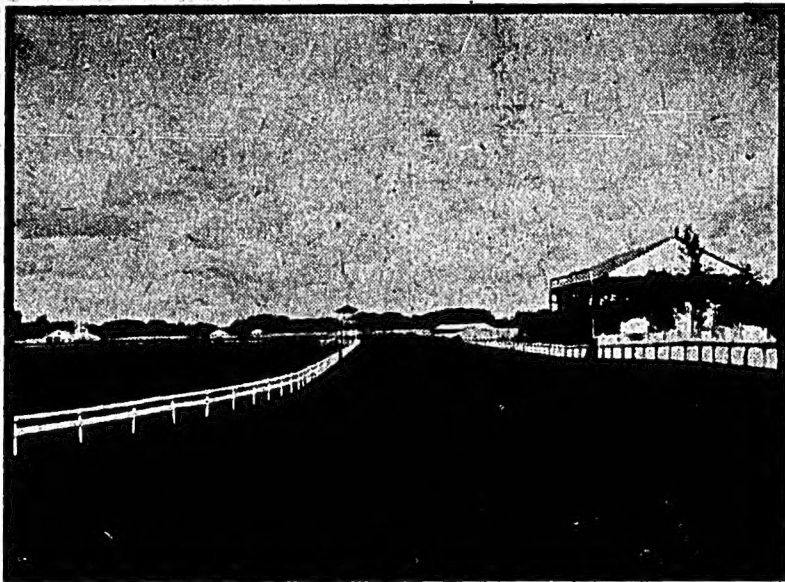
"Can't say I like some of the gang in Ottawa. Must say I don't agree with everything the 'Old Man' has done. But I'm voting for him. He suits this country. He understands it. He's part and parcel of us."

This was a statement made in an Alberta town to the correspondent of the *Toronto Star* travelling with Sir Wilfrid Laurier. According to the newspaper man, the speaker was of Tory antecedents. Whether this is true or not, he undoubtedly expressed the opinions of that comparatively small but very important element of the electorate, which votes according to the men and the issues before it and on which the rise and fall of governments depends.

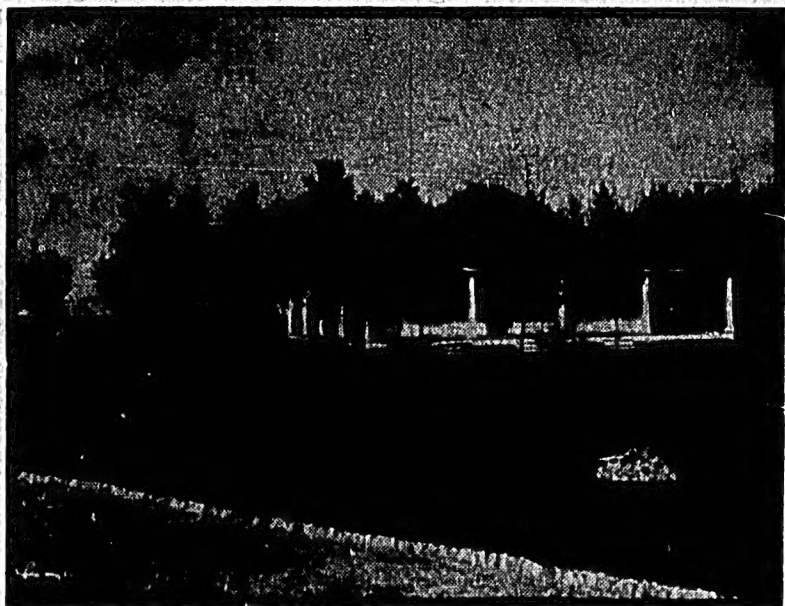
The Liberal party is in power in Canada today for two reasons. One is to be found in the conditions prevailing in the ranks of the forces opposite. The Conservatives have not been able to get together on many important matters of policy and Mr. Borden, capable and honorable man though he is, is deficient in some of the qualities of popular leadership. The other lies in Sir Wilfrid's own personality. With a strengthening up in the Conservative ranks, the administration, even with Sir Wilfrid at its head, might be defeated at the next general election. On the other hand if he retired, the Conservatives might win, even with their organization as it is now.

Sir Wilfrid is a great political chief, but after him, unless all signs fail, comes the deluge, with just as much certainty as it came, according to Sir John A. Macdonald's prediction, in the case of the Conservative party after his disappearance from the scene. For a decade there has been a hunt for men capable of taking up the reins, but it has proven hopeless up to the present. There isn't a man in the cabinet who could measure up to the requirements of the situation. This dearth of leadership material in both parties is an appalling fact. It should stimulate young men, who are in a position to devote themselves to public life, to renewed effort,

## OUT AT EXHIBITION PARK



Looking up the race track



The Administration Building

Of all the surprises one finds in Edmonton today, city of strange sights, and unexpected beauty, none is more remarkable, more startling, than the transformation at the Exhibition Park. You travel, we will say, from the West End, where the people of that half scarcely know how, and where the other half live. You pass through the fine downtown district, past houses, through another bustling shopping centre, where, if you please, they have their own little theatre; by more isolated houses, the Isolation Hospital, and finally the incinerator.

And then, all at once, so quickly that you rub your eyes, suspicious that they have played you false, you are in the country, and pausing at the stock gate of the Park.

And what a view! What a sight unfolds itself.

You have been going through a country primitive and uninteresting, when all at once, on the other side of a fence, you come upon a miniature city of white houses with moss-green roofs, nestled in the centre of a glorious natural park. The effect is positively startling. But this is only the beginning of a series of thrills. You drive on until you come abreast of a quaint triple gate of cement blocks which is destined for the sole use of foot traffic. Facing this is the directors' lodge, a saucy-looking bungalow, and then on to the magnificent grand stand, than which there is no finer

nor, so far as that goes, as well-equipped, an edifice, in America today.

You who trudged home with lobstered complexion from the old grounds at the foot of the hill; you who had aching backs from backless seats and endured other discomforts I shall not recall, can you conceive what it will mean to view the sights of this year's mammoth fair from the luxury of an opera chair, or if you prefer it from a box of your own with your own party about you? Do you know what a delight lies before you in drinking in from a shaded stand, a panoramic view of a magnificent sweep of snow-white buildings set in a bower of green park-land, bounding what everyone who has seen it declares to be, one of the finest race-tracks on the continent.

Can you think what evening will be out here, the buildings outlined with lights, the Midway going at full blast, fire-works ahead of you, the bands discoursing sweet music from the little groves near by. Why we have a World's Fair in miniature brought to our very doors. And when you are wandering into the gypsies' tent to have your fortune told, when the hawkers' cries fill the air with their clamor, when you experience more excitement and enjoy more fun than you have had in a twelvemonth, remember that you are participating in an

(Continued on Page Nine)

for to those who can show that they possess anything like the necessary qualifications a great career should be open.

The difficulties of a public man who has strong local antagonisms within his constituency to deal with are aptly illustrated by an experience which Dr. Clark, the member for Red Deer constituency, is now undergoing. Sir Wilfrid agreed to give one lengthy public address in that riding and the task of selecting the place at which it was to be delivered fell to the doctor. He picked on Red Deer. The result is a warm tribute from the Red Deer News, which opposed him in the general election and a reference of a different kind from his journalistic supporter, the Lacombe Globe. The News says:

"It was the doctor who put aside self interest in Olds for the general good. It was the doctor who was obliged to turn down Senator Peter Talbot and numerous lesser lights of the party that Red Deer might have her rights. The doctor is getting to be rather a big man, and the smallest feature of his bigness is not that he is able to bury self interests in the general welfare of his party."

But note the observations which the Globe has to make:

"When you think it over you cannot blame M. Clark, M.P., very much for the turn down he worked on Lacombe over the Laurier visit. Lacombe will not be in his constituency at next election, and he no doubt remembers the dose the nice people of Red Deer gave him last election, and is taking steps to win their hearts. If the genial doctor would only stop to consider for a few minutes, he would most surely come to the conclusion that he cannot tame the savages of Red Deer. There are too many in the bunch there hankering after offices themselves, and he will find they will throw the harpoon into him more earnestly the next time they get a chance. Had it not been for Lacombe, M. Clark, M. P., would at the present time be feeding the festive calves on his Olds Ranch—and the Doctor, we think, will acknowledge this fact. The ingratitude of some politicians passes all understanding."

We wonder why more men who are in a position to give the public good service don't go into politics. The article from the Globe suggests one very substantial reason. So much placating of those who cannot look beyond their noses and who have none but the pettiest of interests to serve is needed that the average self-respecting man, after he has a taste of the game, is soon anxious to drop it. Red Deer, it happens, was the central point in the riding, and in order to enable as many as possible of his constituents to hear the Premier, Dr. Clark determined that the meeting should be held there. If Lacombe had been selected he would undoubtedly have been criticized quite as strongly by Red Deer.



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## THE JEW AND HIS DESTINY.

"Nearly twenty thousand (Jews) were torn from their homes and cast out penniless,"—Edmonton Bulletin, July 7th.

Recent events that have occurred in Russia have once more brought before our notice the horribly cruel nature of the anti-Semite feeling still rankling in the breast of the Slav. So abominable so terribly brutal are the atrocities which accompany some of these outbreaks that they would scarcely be countenanced by a nation of savages. And this in the Christian land of Russia! If there were any justification at all for such treatment the case would be different, but that the highest officials in the land should tender their countenance to such barbaric persecution of a peaceful, inoffensive and law-abiding people as the Jews is, to say the least, incomprehensible.

Now, the typical Jew is perhaps one of the most unique personalities in the world. Whether looked at from a religiously historical point of view, or as a study in ethnology, or even as a social phenomenon, he stands out from all others as an object of surpassing interest. The cradle-land of his race appeals to every Christian's imagination, being the birth-place of our religion. The Great Central Figure in all history, ancient and modern, was Himself a Jew, and so the solid and indestructible foundation (humanly speaking) upon which the superstructure of Christianity stands is Jewish to the last atom. To this may be added the fact that the permanent benefit conferred upon the British nation, past and present, by those illustrious Jews who have lived and laboured and died under British rule has laid us under an abiding obligation to the Hebrew race.

The Land of Palestine, too, is scarcely less remarkable than the race of which it was birth place. Apart from its physical peculiarities, which in themselves are of peculiar interest, the land of the Jews was the subject of some of the very oldest prophecies in the Bible, notably those of Leviticus and Deuteronomy, as well as those of later date, Ezekiel and Isaiah. In these ancient books we find very striking predictions concerning both the land and the people. For, in foretelling that the country should be partially desolate so long only as the Jews should be scattered among the nations, the old Prophets predicted what in both respects was extremely improbable. Though it was no matter or wonder that the rebellious Jews should be scattered, and still less surprising that Palestine should be desolated by the contentions of the surrounding tribal states, it was certainly remarkable that the two predictions should "run parallel with each other." The circumstances involved in these two classes of prophecy appear to admit of but one explanation, viz., that the scattering of the people, and the partial desolation of the country were closely related each to the other.

In what way then is it probable that a connection exists between the two classes, i.e., that the people and their Land should be preserved for each other? In this connection it must be remembered that the Hebrew people to this day are a distinctly separate race though scattered among the nations. In London alone there are more Jews than in Palestine, and yet they comprise as distinct a race as the Chinese in Canada, or the Japanese

(Continued on Page Eleven)

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Sittings of the Supreme Court en banc:

EDMONTON.—Third Tuesday in September and March.

CALGARY.—First Tuesday in September and March.

For Trial of Civil Non-Jury Causes: EDMONTON and CALGARY.—First Tuesday each in October, November, February, March, April and May, and Third Tuesday in June.

For Trial of Criminal and Civil Jury Causes:

EDMONTON and CALGARY.—Third Tuesday in October, February and May.

For Trial of all Civil and Criminal Causes: WETASKIWIN.—First Tuesday in October and April.

RED DEER.—Second Tuesday in November and April.

MEDICINE HAT.—Second Tuesday in October and April, November and May.

MACLEOD.—Fourth Tuesday in November and May.

LETHBRIDGE.—Fourth Tuesday in October and April.

A. Y. BLAIN, ..

Acting Deputy Attorney General.

Dated at Edmonton, Alberta, this second day of August, 1910.  
A-15-22-29

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### SOME CURIOUS AND HISTORICAL IMPERSONATIONS OF MEN BY WOMEN.

The strange case of the old lady of Enfield who passed with her neighbors for a man during the last quarter of a century brings to mind many notable instances that history has to show of similar happenings. Often before have women succeeded in concealing their sex for years, men have voluntarily condemned themselves to the perpetual wearing of petticoats, and in some cases even suffered themselves to become engaged to be married to members of their own sex. The mystery surrounding "Harry Lloyd" has not yet been cleared up, but there seems little doubt that the woman who chose to conceal her identity for half a life in this extraordinary manner was persuaded to such a course by motives that, if not actually noble, were profoundly altruistic. Herein her case differs from those of most of the notorious sex-masqueraders whose exploits are on record.

I see that references are being made in the Press to the case of Dr. "James" Martin. No breath of scandal was so far as can be ascertained, attached to the person who bore that name, who was well known in army circles during the Victorian epoch. When or why the concealment of sex was adopted was never made public. The facts remain that there existed an army surgeon of this name, who had seen much active service, and had become famous for his choleric temperament, which had embroiled him in at least two duels. An appreciative government bestowed upon him the decoration of C.B. It was only after his retirement that conferees of Dr. Martin's began to have doubts of their friends' sex, which doubts were ultimately fully justified.

One has to go back another hundred years for the world-renowned case of the Chevalier d'Eon. Some tortuous problem of international diplomacy, the key to which lies buried in the French Government archives, was probably at the root of this strange character's startling surrender of his sex. Charles Genevieve Louis Auguste Andre Timothee d'Eon de Beaumont, chevalier and scion of an old if minor noble family, was born at Tonnerre, in Burgundy, on Oct. 5, 1728. He was baptized as a boy, though he is said to have been put into girl's clothes very soon after birth, and to have been publicly dedicated to the Virgin at the age of three, under the name of Charlotte. But from the age of seven we know that he passed as a boy. Eventually he went into training for the law, but the death of his father gave him reason for a change in his plans, and he used his influential friends (the Prince de Conti among them), to obtain employment as a secret agent for delicate international negotiations. In 1755 he brought to a successful conclusion a mission to St. Petersburg, which involved his donning woman's clothes, not by any means, as we have seen, for the first time in his life. He became a permanent attache in the diplomatic service, distinguishing himself particularly at the time of the battle of Prague, after which his zeal was rewarded by Louis with a valuable honorarium and a gift of a commission in the Dragoons.

In 1752 the Chevalier came to England on special service with the Duc de Nivernais, with a view to settling the preliminaries of the Peace of Versailles. An appointment as temporary charge d'affaires in London seems to have turned his head. He quarrelled violently with the Comte de Guer-

chy, the new ambassador, whom he accused of attempting to murder him. The court was even found guilty by an English jury, but the conviction was quashed, and the papers through which the Chevalier had attempted to blackmail the count handed over to the French Government for a payment of 5,000 pounds, and an added stipulation the reason for which can only be assigned that d'Eon should adopt woman's dress permanently. His sex had long been in doubt in this country, and a sort of syndicate bet was arranged in which the interests involved amounted to upwards of 120,000 pounds. Thereport that d'Eon was about to return to France roused the speculators to an action at law, tried before Lord Mansfield, who decided on the evidence before him, obviously fraudulent, that the Chevalier was a woman. Owing to a legal quibble the money was never paid over. "Mlle." d'Eon was soon after presented at the French court, and continued to pose as a woman till his death in 1810. "She" is spoken of as having been a little awkward in society. A contemporary writer states that, "having always in her former state of life shown great attention to the ladies, she finds it difficult to restrain it; at table, when she sits near them, she is always ready to fill their glasses; at coffee, no sooner has a lady emptied her cup than d'Eon springs from her chair to hand it to the table." At last the riddle of his sex was solved without a shadow of doubt. He was buried in St. Pancras Churchyard, where the spot was marked by a plain stone that only disappeared in 1868.

In the early years of the last century there lived in Paris a woman who called herself Henriette Jenny Savallette de Langes. She claimed to be the natural daughter of a former court banker who had emptied his coffers for the benefit of the ruined Comte d'Artois. Obligations to the amount, it is said, of five million francs were admitted by royalty at the Restoration. This daughter of the de Langes family was awarded two pensions, the management of the Villeuif post office, and, eventually an apartment at the Chateau de Versailles. She was esteemed exceedingly pious, and of great intelligence and virtue. Her only defect was a "kind of ambulatory mania which obliged her to remove continually." In forty-four years she changed her lodgings one hundred and fifty times. Her financial resources were deemed to be of the slenderest. She had illustrious friends, among them the Duc de Luynes, Mlle. de Polignac, Marechal, MacDonald, and the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld. She never begged for the protection of these famous people; she bullied them rather in her letters, and their own abounded in apologies for unintentional slights that had seemingly roused her wrath. In 1858 she died suddenly. The corpse was that of a man. "The inhabitants of Versailles," writes M. Lenoire, "recollect this tall, skinny woman with hard features, surrounded by a sinister black bonnet, the ruffles of which covered her forehead and cheeks. She walked through the streets—sometimes followed by a troop of eering boys—raising her eyes towards the notices of apartments to let, entered the tobacconist's, the baker's, the pork-butcher's, ever taciturn, suspicious and uneasy in manner. But in the evening in his room, when he had had his meal and drunk his litre of wine—the remains of a stock of wine and some empty bottles were found in his cellar—when the unoccupied hours began, what must have been the thoughts of this man?"

### A LEGEND OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

According to Arthur Hawkes there is a pot of gold hidden in Nova Scotia land isn't at the end of the rainbow, either. In August Canada Monthly (formerly Canada West), he tells of a ramble "With Captain Kidd in Arctady," and of the treasure the old buccancer hid in the Oak Island Money Lot.

"The whole Atlantic coast," says Mr Hawkes, "from Massachusetts north to Nova Scotia, is honeycombed with legends of treasure buried by pirates in the slashing days of the Spanish Main, and Mahone Bay, almost within hailing distance of the Hackmatack Inn at Chester, has one of the most imposing of these legends in the Oak Island Money Pit. Although he staid citizens of Nova Scotia never in the dark of the moon trotted around a hole in the ground sayin charms and wearing their clothes inside out, as the fathers of Rhode Island, and Massachusetts did around the Darby Ring, joint stock companies have spent about a million dollars trying to keep the Pit clear enough of water to permit them to unload in its depths. But they could neither pump out nor dam out the waters of the Atlantic and there the treasure lies as safely guarded as that in the High Rock of Lynn, or the cache somewhere along the Long Island coast, for the old captain is supposed guard the Oak Island gold o' nights, carrying his head under his arm for coyness. As far as Nova Scotia knows Captain Kidd is as rich as he was in the days when his ballard was new.

My name was Captain Kidd,  
As I sailed, as I sailed,  
My name was Captain Kidd,  
As I sailed.  
I had heavy bars of gold,  
And dollars manifold,  
And riches uncontrolled,  
As I sailed.

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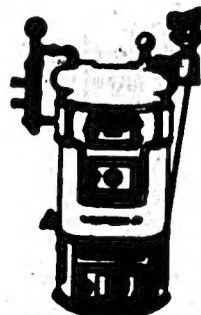
The only reason for this extraordinary demand is that "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit, and is the only remedy that will positively cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Backache, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bladder and Kidney Troubles. One has only to read the testimonials given to "Fruit-a-tives" by some of the best known and most highly esteemed people of Canada, to appreciate the wonderful amount of good that this grand fruit medicine has done and is doing for the sick and suffering.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c. At dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

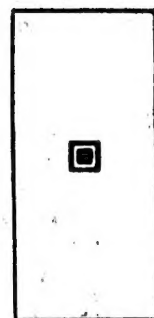
"It is a dreadful and fascinating pleasure to go sweethearting at dusk along the woodland paths, with the possible vision of his grisley spectre behind every bush."

Hadn't Improved.

He (after a quarrel, bitterly)—I was a fool when I married you.  
She—I knew it, but I thought you would improve.



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## The Saturday News

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## The Mirror

### THE VOYAGEUR

Camp—when the sun has barely set:  
Who wants the shore and the camp-  
fire yet!  
Let your paddles swing once more;  
The clearing lies not far below.  
Our own home-clearing down the riv-  
er  
Where fields are bright, where birch-  
trees shiver.  
Like a birch-tree, slim and white,  
There Marie stands and waits to-  
night.  
I hear her voice, like a sweet bird's  
note,  
That seems to call our lagging boat,  
Camp—when the moon is rising  
bright,

And rocks and rapids plain to sight!  
Do forest creatures lag and wait  
When they hear a calling mate?  
See that heron sweeping by;  
He has heard his mate's far cry.  
Hear that red buck leaping go;  
He seeks hushed places and his doe.  
On, men, drive your paddles through!  
You have sweethearts calling you.  
These river waters rush for the sake  
Of her who waits them, the fair wood-  
lake,  
And shall we be more dull than they?  
So, claim your kiss by break o' day!  
—Francis Sterne Palmer in The Cen-  
tury.

Not long ago I heard myself, or this column described as "the Peggy fea-  
ture." I don't for the life of me know  
what significance the phrase may have  
for you, but it has me guessing. Is it  
an approved, or disapproved, sort of  
papulum I am supposed to serve up  
from week to week. Something on  
the order of dissertations on love,  
fashions, and that sort of drivel gen-  
erally. Something so of a oneness  
or a tastelessness that even without a  
signature, you would stick a "Peggy"  
label on and know you were right  
the very first time, a la Heinz, or E. P.  
Roe, or contribution of these variet-  
ties, or is it that in "The Mirror" only  
"safe" subjects are supposed to be  
treated. Feminine small talk, gush,  
etc., etc.

Whatever it is I don't like it. I  
don't want to be a feature or a jack-  
snapes, or a court jester to women, but  
I do want, and I am speaking very  
seriously, to edit a column that will  
reflect a thinking woman's point of  
view.

Long ago I wrote you my views on  
social reporting as I understood it. I  
told you that it was the very hardest  
kind of hard work. Thankless work,  
the most exacting labor, entailing  
more tact than any other line of jour-  
nalism. Not only that, but it is often-  
er the butt of the supposed humorist  
and equally supposed witty women  
social climber, than perhaps anything  
else you could name. But that doesn't  
alter the fact that it is widely read—  
and why? Because it is the most hu-  
man thing in the world for us to be

interested in one another's doings.

Many blunt gentlemen of my ac-  
quaintance take great delight in as-  
suring me that they never read it,  
but Mr. Shakespeare disposed of that  
genus homo when he put into the  
mouth of one of his characters the  
phrase, "Methinks the gentleman doth  
protest too much."

And if Blunt Gentleman doesn't see  
fit to glance at "Home and Society"  
chroniclings, who is the loser? Am I  
supposed to be insulted, that he has  
not deigned to be taken up with Mrs.  
Grundy's doings. The thing is ab-  
surd. Might I not equally well assure  
him that the reports of his wordy  
combats in the courts of law, bore me  
unutterably. So much so, that I can  
never bring myself to read them. That  
his speeches on public platforms  
amuse me more than I can tell him,  
and so on and so forth to the limit of  
endness. But social reporting and  
the "Peggy feature" are purposely given  
separate departments in the Satur-  
day News. The one is a matter of re-  
porting news, while "The Mirror," it  
is hoped, aims at higher things. The  
"Peggy Feature" man also hinted that  
one's utterances were "bought" or "in-  
spired" or something to that effect.  
Cheap, common taunts that rise to  
the lips of many men of little minds.  
The "Peggy" woman writes what she  
likes, as she likes, and when she likes,  
and if he wants to find how readily  
purchasable views are on this page,  
let him try and color a few of them.

So little does the editor of this pa-  
per interfere, so free a hand is permit-  
ted me that I doubt if the sensible  
man often reads what finds its way  
into these columns.

Not every week what appears there  
can hope to please all the readers. I  
am more than satisfied if once a  
month, once a year, some of you say  
you have found profit or pleasure in  
the looking glass. As regards opin-  
ions expressed under this heading,  
such as they are they are mine own.  
I am—not a politician, not a sectarian,  
not a truckler to any interest or in-  
fluence, you can name, but am a wom-  
an with a mind of my own, with ideas  
of my own, and while I sign a nom de  
plume of Peggy, I refuse now, hence-  
forth, and forever more to be written  
down a "feature."

Those who attended the Laurier  
meeting in the Thistle Rink on Tues-  
day night—and who wasn't there, can  
you tell me, who could possibly man-  
age it by foot, via motor, or pranc-  
ing steed—must have been struck by  
the infinite variety of oratory and ges-  
tures to which we were treated. Laur-  
ier, delightful and fascinating, take  
him how you will, a magnificent ora-  
tor, graceful as to gesture, silver of  
speech with the charming courtley  
manners one associates with other and  
better mannered days, whose pronun-  
ciation of the word "Canada" alone  
would win your heart, Macdonald, the  
pet boy of the Maratimers, Graham,  
Pardee, Sifton, Cross, Oliver—what a  
range we had to choose from!

I can quite believe that orators are  
born, not made, more than that, I am  
persuaded that even the accident of  
birth occurs but seldom. How many  
politicians achieve the heights of elo-  
quence, of real oratory? I can count  
the ones I have heard on my one hand.

Sir Wilfrid speaks not only with his  
tongues, but with every movement of  
his body. The mention of Canada or  
the Empire seems to make him taller  
by a visible number of inches. With  
the possibilities of the land he changes  
his altitude. Now he is the seer look-  
ing far into the future. Observe how  
eagerly his head is bent forward,



# HASSAN

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and fine quality

how readily his eye takes on an in-  
spired look, how every motion pro-  
tests indisputably that this thing shall  
be. The man is a consummate actor,  
and might well inspire a sculptor.  
Macdonald would make a magnificent  
stump orator, I don't know a finer bull-  
dog, but orator without the prefix—  
stump? That's another story. The mak-  
ing are there, but the man must be  
low. Macdonald is a Maratimer first,  
a party politician second, then if you  
want it, an orator.

But I have no intention of dilating  
on the gifts of one man or the next.  
My single purpose is to call atten-  
tion to the school boy methods of  
gesticulation, employed so universally  
on such occasions. First the ridicu-  
lous hand shaking act with such a lat-  
her of imaginary soap. Why can not  
these nervous ablutions be accom-  
plished at home? To see a man step  
up to face an audience and promptly  
commence to shuffle his feet, and  
then cleanse his hands, is to take away  
at once from the dignity and weight  
of any sentiments he may possibly  
utter. He might just as reasonably  
expect to sit quietly by and see a wo-  
man deliver an address with her fingers

stuck in the corner of her mouth,  
as to hope that his audience are ob-  
livious to his ridiculous "washing of  
the hands."

The phrases, "This great Western  
country of ours," or "this city of  
ours," are alike a weariness when re-  
peated more than eighty times in an  
evening. Let us have something new  
for a change. Let's talk of possibili-  
ties generally if you will, of local con-  
ditions, but for any sake let us elim-  
inate these over-done expressions.

Again, why will facetious visitors  
look foolishly around a platform to see  
if anyone from the last visited town  
is present, and then tell us that "we"  
are the finest city they've struck in  
their whole tour. One does that sort  
of play-acting game with children, but  
laws a-gracious! surely we're past be-  
ing taken in by it. Why, are com-  
parisons in order at all? When they  
were declared, centuries ago "odori-  
ferous," did not that one word con-  
sign them to the Indian list?

It is all on a par with the fulsome  
nonsense interjected about courting  
and similar paraphernalia carted about  
by "successful" politicians, when they

(Continued on Page 7.)



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## Home and Society

### THE COMING HOST

In this month, some gentle letters

Hint of our approaching fate,  
For the guests for Exhibition

Now begin to intimate,

That they're thinking of a journey—

"Just a day or two, my dear,

And we know you'd like to see us—

So we'll come without a fear."

Well, the summer holidays are nearly over; a week or two more, and all the young people will be scurrying off to their various schools, summer cottages will be closed for the season, Mountain and sea and lake resorts will be giving up their visitors, and town will be a livelier place to live in.

This week it would have taken a regiment of Scotland Yard detectives to scare up one social happening worth mentioning. I never knew the capital so dull. People may talk as they will of being hard up, the unanswerable fact remains, they all seem able to career off on holiday jaunts, stay at the most expensive hotels, and gad around a la millionaires generally. A number of us are on the Continent, a number more are going. A few of the best of us are touring in the Old Land, and the rest of us seem building fine new residences. La, la la! talk to the Horse Marines of hard times, but not to me

With money so easy then, surely a brilliant social season awaits us. Mrs. Sifton, the wife of the new Premier, will be an acquisition. She is very fond of entertaining and does things exceedingly well. Who will be who at Government House is causing a good deal of speculation. Some are inclined to think that the present holders of the position, will be invited to retain it, while I hear it definitely stated on the other hand, that another lady is announcing her husband and herself as ready, willing and sure, to confiscate it. Take your choice. As last year was a rather quiet one socially, by the usual run of things, people will do more entertaining this. The "paying back" system makes this almost a foregone conclusion. As everyone, with few exceptions, is married, unless we have a deluge of outside visitors, there will be few weddings, and no exciting engagement rumors. Such new people as have slipped into town lately, have done so quietly, causing little interest or change in the routine of social life.

One hears with regret that Mrs. H. C. Wilson and her daughters will spend the winter in the east, Mr. and Mrs. Sommerville retaining their family residence for the winter months.

I hear from time to time of pleasant little gatherings of Edmonton friends in Paris and abroad, drawn together by the strong ties of home and mutual friends. Dr. Ferris left a fortnight ago to join his wife in the French capital, and may bring her home in November, or not, as he finds her improved in health or no.

Next week there will be nothing talked of in town but the big fair, preparations for which have progressed so remarkably rapidly, as to make the exhibition grounds rank as a nine days' wonder. Everyone is talking exhibition, and with the splendid new grounds and buildings, and the ex-

hibits and attractions that have been prepared, this particular fair seems likely to be enormously popular, and to take its place in local history. Horsemen, stockmen, farmers and all the sisters, cousins, aunts, and friends one knows, have signified their intention of being here, and the result should be a monster show, rattling good business for the townspeople and a well-earned holiday for everybody.

I have always thought there is not as much exchange of hospitality between town and country folk as there ought to be. The town should know the country better, and they of the green fields and quiet ways might learn with profit much from their city brethren. One erstwhile townsman, now a farmer, I know of, this year, has every week end, thrown open his house to his town friends, with great pleasure and profit to them, if not to himself. During Fair week it is possible for nearly all of us to extend a hospitable hand to country visitors, and everyone who has knocked around a strange town during a busy time can appreciate how grateful such attentions are. We all want this to be a happy, prosperous, memorable year, let us work towards that common end, by each doing our best to bring it about.

The record of social happenings of the week confines itself to a few scattered personals.

Mrs. Duncan Smith and her family came in from Gull Lake on Monday for the season. Mrs. Swaisland and her children, and Madame Thibault also came home the same day, and the Jack O'Neil Hayes, and Mrs. Nightingale on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes left at once for Beaver Lake.

I understand that Mrs. Dawson and her family will be home within the week, so that slowly but surely the summer campers are drifting back to town. The present has been the jolliest and most successful summer Gull Lake has ever known. Next year I imagine you will find Lake Wabamun contesting the honors, as everyone who has been out, and the Websters, the Richards, and others have cottages there, speak most enthusiastically of its charms.

Mrs. Jamieson went out last Wednesday to spend the week end with Mrs. J. D. Harrison, and Mrs. Mays, little Jocelyn Mays and Mr. Brennan were also week-end visitors to the same hospitable house.

Miss Dorothy Sommerville and Master Bobby Mays, motored out on Wednesday to spend a few days with Mrs. Morris.

The Westward Ho Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire are having a refreshment booth during the fair, on the exhibition grounds, to raise money in support of their ambulance. Miss Shibley and Miss Crosskill will be in charge. Here delicious home-cooked refreshments can be obtained, cold meats, salads, ices, etc., as well as a regular light luncheon, and I am sure that not only on account of the worthy object for which the money is being raised, but because everyone appreciates a meal daintily cooked and served, the Westward Ho booth will do a flourishing business.

Miss Constance Dickey is leaving

(Continued on page four)



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### HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from Page Three)

the High River Hospital where she was a nurse in training, and is expected home about the 1st of September.

Mrs. Charlesworth and her small son and daughter returned from an enjoyable holiday spent with her people at Kenora, on Monday.

### FUNERAL RITES FOR A DOG

Owner of Pet Gets it as Good a Burial as if it Were a Child

Hartsdale, N. Y.—With her master as the only mourner, the body of Daisy, a Spitz dog, which had been a pet for fifteen years, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Woodruff, of 264 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, was buried yesterday afternoon in the animal cemetery here with all the ceremony that might accompany the burial of a child.

Daisy had been able in her lifetime to dance and do tricks more remarkable than those performed by many circus dogs. She was exceptionally fond of music, and would sit for hours intently watching a piano while her master or mistress played popular tunes. Toys were supplied to the dog for her amusement, including dolls, teddy bears, and rubber balls.

Every Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff had a Christmas tree in honor of Daisy, and there were presents of toys. Daisy seldom went out of the house, but contented herself if supplied with toys or listening to music.

Friday night Mrs. Woodruff played the piano for Daisy and she had a rag time dance. In the middle of the dance Daisy stopped suddenly and fell. Mrs. Woodruff summoned a veterinarian, but Daisy was dead before he arrived.

Orders were given to Edward J. Renouard, an undertaker of 522 Fifth avenue, to prepare an elaborate funeral for Daisy. The coffin was white and lined with satin. The toys with which Daisy had been entertained were placed in the coffin beside her.

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## OUT AT EXHIBITION PARK

(Continued from first page.)

epoch-making event, for the Fair of this year as conceived by its promoters, in an ordinary country, would be a hundred years ahead of its time.

I could write on for hours as to the perfection of arrangement of every building we entered. The cool and spacious dining-hall, where meals can be obtained from ten cents up; of the thirty odd buildings for horses and stock so complete and carefully thought out that the worst kicker going would be put to it to find a fault; of the shady, grateful little groves with comfortable benches every little space, where exhibitors, visitors and friends can enjoy an intimate chat aside from the rush going on around. And while, of course, there will be a grand display of picked grains, haven't these wise men, forestalled a criticism that might be made, and created a rail fence bound enclosure typifying an ordinary homestead, where grain will be shown in the stook, as natural as it is gathered in the fields.

But just won't the farmers and stockmen luxuriate in the quarters re-

served for their stock! I can't help thinking of it. On this particular and very important point the directors have expended the bulk of their unflagging thought and energy. In the old days exhibits in these classes were none too well looked after. Today a man with the most expensive bit of horse-flesh on the continent would stable it here, without an anxious thought.

But I'm not going to tell you all the delights that await you on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday next, but warn you, ahead of time, to be prepared after your first visit, to do no more work while it is on. You simply won't be able to keep away, and you might as well make up your mind to it, first as last. Add to what I have hinted at, a rattling fine circus on the grounds, and all sorts of vaudeville attractions on the stage in front of the grandstand, so splendid an opportunity of seeing your friends from all over the province, and you'll have to admit, that this one week all roads will lead to Exhibition Park.

Behind the fair of this year stand men and ideas of notable efficiency. Of late years the Edmonton Fair has

not gone ahead as it might have done. In fact, it was short of money and reputation. But in the annals of no association is there a record of a more sudden or solid return to prosperity. Now farmers will be bound to say, "It doesn't do to miss the Edmonton Fair," and such foregatherings as will take place will be bound to make for their great benefit and enjoyment.

The men, above all others, who have led and organized the present scheme of things, are Mr. Bower Campbell, than whom Edmonton boasts no more public-spirited citizen, and that inexhaustible fund of energy, ambition, and out-and-out hard work, Mr. A. G. Harrison, a prince of men in all publicity and organizing work. What wonders these men and the board of directors have accomplished, what magnificent lines they have laid down for the Capital City's exhibition and edification, go and see, and come away and wonder at it.

Two other names occur to me as deserving of special mention. Dr. L. E. W. Irving, the vice-president, a great lover of good horse-flesh, and an enthusiast in all schemes for the

betterment of health and conditions in farm and town, and in the animal world. Mr. D. R. Stewart's is another name that should not be forgotten when honors are being handed out. To his skill and efficiency is due the splendid condition of the race track, while the grounds generally speak volumes as to the right man being in the right place.

Three cheers for all of them, and good-luck and a "Ho" for the greatest fair ever held in the West.

PEGGY.

## Smart

The Consul in London of a continental kingdom was informed by his government that one of his countrywomen, supposed to be living in Great Britain, had been left a million of money. After advertising without result, he applied to the police, and a smart young detective was set to work. When a few weeks had gone by his chief asked him how he was going on. "I've found the lady, sir." "Good. Where is she?" "At my place. I got married to her yesterday."



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## THE SLANDERS AGAINST THE KING

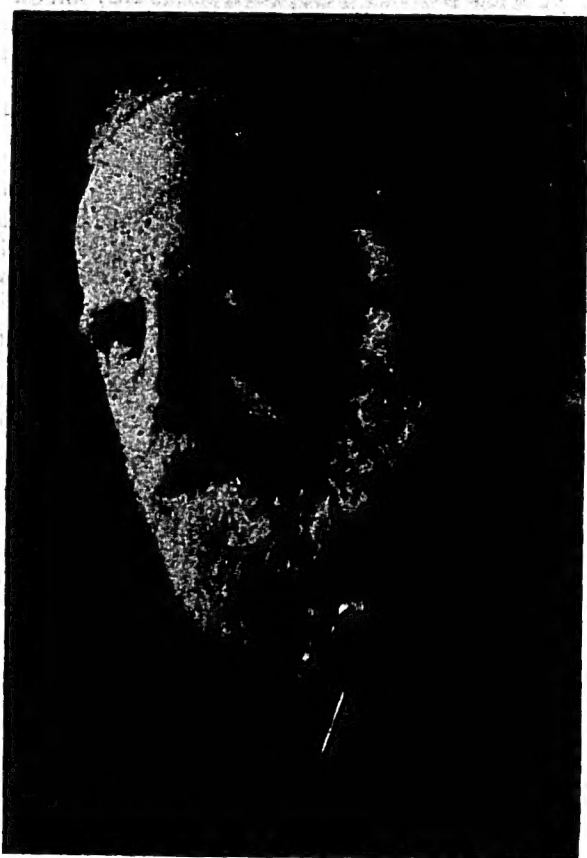
(Continued from Page Eight)

Mr. Stead proceeds to give an account of his investigations into the story seventeen years ago. From Sir Henry Ponsonby, Queen Victoria's private secretary, he received an unqualified denial, and a suggestion to investigate the whole story. A series of questions was accordingly submitted to the late King, then Prince of Wales.

"They were," he continues, "very precise, categorical and covered the whole ground from A to Z. The King, then as always, was very courteous,

a lie from beginning to end."

Mr. Stead points out that when the betrothal of the then Duke of York to Archbishop of Canterbury "was snowed under with letters of protest," and the fullest enquiries were then made. The result of these inquiries went to show not merely that there never had been a marriage, but that there never had been a liaison of any kind with Miss —, or anyone else, and that therefore there could not have been any of the alleged children." The net result of the inquiry was to satisfy the Primate and the other disting-



Mr. W. T. Stead

and expressed his utmost readiness to go into the whole matter. In reply, I received a most categorical, definite emphatic repudiation of the whole story. He denied absolutely the story of the alleged marriage, morganatic or other. He asked not unnaturally—if the Prince was married, as was alleged, where was the marriage register, and who was the clergyman that performed the illegal ceremony? If the lady in question was an admiral's daughter, could it be believed that her father tolerated a clandestine marriage conducted in defiance of the law without the knowledge of the Prince's parents? He finally gave me his most positive assurance that the story was

desired clerics who had to perform the official and public marriage, that the young man had never been married before, that he had lived an exemplary moral life, and that the whole story about the existence of any children resulting from his alleged relations with Miss S— was absolutely without foundation. There were no such relations, morganatic, illegitimate, or otherwise, and there were no children."

Thus are two lies well and truly nailed to the counter, and the King's honor vindicated to the credulous and short-sighted folk who accept as gospel every idle tale of idle and unscrupulous tongues.

### THE MOTHERHOOD INSTINCT

(Scribners)

Women will follow the law of their natures, not because masculine or "womanly" arguments convince them, but because it was there before they were, they can no more help it than they can stop their hearts from beating; they have no more choice in the matter than they have in regard to having hands and feet, not so much. Quite as amenable to the underlying laws of life are the older and sterner members of womankind who chatter on platforms about women's rights. When this kind fall, they fall like Lucifer. I have even observed, though I realize that it will take several aeons before men find this out, that the strongest minded women are usually

the ones capable of the strongest affections; the most apparently unsexed often, in the deepest sense, the most womanly. The instinct for motherhood is primal, and professional work, university life even,—even the ballots are not going to change it, any more than the present style in sleeves is going to change it. As well be afraid that water will run up hill, that the Hudson will turn and travel back to the Adirondacks, as that the heart of woman, be she short-haired or long-haired, booted and spurred or clad in chiffon, shall be made any way except as it is made, and has been for all time! The swallows to her nest, the river to the sea, and the heart of the woman to her child, existent or non-existent. You cannot keep the needle from pointing to the pole, and no amount of good advice will make it point there more irrevocably.

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## THE MIRROR

(Continued from page six.)

go out a-stumping. I like a good bright story as well as the next one, but I can't laugh at a moth-eaten substitute.

The coming of the Premier of Canada is an eventful happening in any part of the country, but in the West where big problems face us, where there so much to be done and settled, decided on wisely and thoughtfully, because we are laying foundations, then we are less eager for party utterances, for vaudeville or Punch and Judy shows, then we may be say a hundred or even fifty years hence.

For the present we are taken up with Sir Wilfrid with the big-out-look, with statesmen and hard-headed business men, and I think oil-tongued travel-loungers and M.P.s and "sieh-like," would do well to profit by the hint.

Speaking of those who came to spy out the land, reminds me that I am often puzzled that so many who come out to see "us" are satisfied to do so through the medium of mixed drinks and "tooting" generally in the company of some of our jolly good fellows. While I recognize that mixed ones, may enable a man to see double, I don't think the operation is performed with an eye single to ours, or the inbiber's own best interests.

Of course when a man goes away from home, one doesn't expect him, because one knows him so intimately, to behave, well, as he would if under his parson's eye. This is an old axiom. At the same time he should—he logically should—take into consideration that he can't size up a country by the number of drinks the town men will put up, and for him to either write, or in interviews, voice opinions about a land or city or that town's problems and future, when he has only studied it through a spirituous sodden mind, is to say the least of it, impertinent. The confines of a bar never yet summed up the spirit or voice of West or East.

Cherries at \$250 per!

What do you think of that?

While New York and London and Paris millionaires "go" some in the matter of obtaining delicacies out of season, did even they ever dream of cherry-ripeners at that figure?

Of course not, but an Edmonton Eve did, and this was the way of it. Over the river a bustling little man is putting in his days studying always and solving sometimes, the problems presented by the rich black soil of this part of the country, the vagaries of sunshine and rain, of heat and cold, and their relation to raising in, and around Edmonton, trees, shrubs and fruits such as they have in the East. This year from two hundred and fifty dollars worth of cherry trees, and counting time expended the man received a single luscious fruit. Day by day he watched the tender ambitious blossom develop, the little green fruit form, expand and grow into a tempting, rosy-cheeked morsel; finally he picked it. I have always thought that Adam would have stolen the fruit of the tree, if Eve had not forestalled him.

Taking his prize indoors, like her the first woman, he exhibited it for his dear companion's ultimatum, saying "is not it good?"

The story from this on is no longer analogous, as the husbandman at this moment was called away for a second

to return to find the fruit of his patience, and the pride of his heart, gobbled stem, stone and blushing cheek.

So perished the first cherry in the Edmonton district, and again at Eve's door lay a grievous sin. That it cost \$250 dollars is a mere detail.

## THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

The following is from "Santa Filomena," the celebrated poem by Longfellow, in which he typifies Miss Florence Nightingale, whose death took place this week:

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp—

The wounded from the battle plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

## STARLAND

A series of the much called for Western pictures have been given in this popular theatre during the last week. The "Range Riders," possessed many novel features in addition to the interesting events of Cowboy-life. The sports, work and fighting of the wild west held the close attention of all beholders, but for daring and excitement this film found its equal in "Bradford's Claim." This picture introduced the most wonderfully trained horse in the world, Don Fenaldo. The many marvellous feats performed by the horse, held a fresh fascination to the intense drama. The reproduction of famous literature by means of motion pictures is fast becoming more and more popular as was proved by the hearty reception accorded "Ransom's Folly" and "Ramona." The former shows how a joke can easily become a serious matter and that crime will find itself out, no matter how remote the climes may be. "Ramona" was taken from Helen Jackson's well known work, which did so much towards showing the white photos were taken in Camulos Ventura County, California, being the identical place where the authoress placed her characters.

For the Edmonton Industrial Exhibition, August 23 to 26, 1910, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will have in effect special fares

For full particulars as to fares, limits, etc., apply to nearest Canadian Pacific ticket agent.

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New Books

Selling from \$1.25 to \$1.50, slightly soiled, will be sold Saturday for 40c. These books are taken from our library and are as good as new.

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## THE SLANDERERS AGAINST THE KING

W.T. STEAD DEALS WITH SOME OF THE STORIES AFLOAT  
REGARDING GEORGE V.

Canadians and citizens of the Empire generally in the Dominion beyond the seas are happily situated if they have been beyond the sound of certain whispered slanders which have frequently been heard in England as affecting the character of the present King. Never above a whisper, never appearing in print, these slanders have for years assailed His Majesty—the only man in the whole kingdom unable to strike a blow in defence of his honor and reputation. Men over their glasses and women over their tea cups have not hesitated to say that in his younger days, when Prince George was but a youth, and his brother was heir to the throne, he married an admiral's daughter in Malta, and by her had two children. To this infamous lie was added another; that His Majesty, while Prince of Wales, was of intemperate habits. The story of the Maltese marriage would brand the King as morally a bigamist, his Queen no true queen, his children, in the eyes of the world, illegitimate. The second lie, relating to intemperance is hardly less injurious. In the current number of the Review of Reviews, in an article entitled: "The Personal Character of the New King," these slanders are examined in circumstantial detail, and in a manner to delight the heart of every loyal subject, of every honest man and woman, are nailed to the counter.

W. T. Stead, whose reputation as a writer is world wide, starts off by quoting Lord Roseberry's public testimony to His Majesty's lofty standard of conduct. Here are Lord Roseberry's words: "He (the King) has led a pure, healthy, and abstemious life; he is a good husband and a good father. He will exhibit on the throne domestic virtues which are dear to this country."

"So far as can be ascertained," adds Mr. Stead, "so far from being given to intemperance, George V. is probably the most abstemious King who has ever ascended the English throne. I do not say that he is a Good Templar or a Rechabite, or a pledged teetotaler. But I do say with confidence on the authority of men who know him intimately, who have lived with him, dined with him, supped with him, that, although he sometimes takes a glass of wine his usual beverages are distilled or mineral water and milk. Some have gone so far as to assure me that he has not allowed a drop of alcohol to cross his lips for two years. That is an exaggeration. Others profess to have seen him take a nightcap of whiskey and soda. But the evidence of those who know him best is that there is not a man more abstemious in the use of intoxicants among all the millions who own his sway. And as he is now so he has been all his life—sober, temperate, abstemious."

The King is famous as being one of the best shots in the kingdom. Once "he achieved the remarkable feat of having four dead birds in the air at once. Employing one barrel, he killed a bird 60 yards high. Changing his gun and firing the right and left barrels, he again killed, and before the first bird was ten yards from the ground he had again changed his gun, fired and killed." Such a feat would

be impossible to any man whose nerve had been shattered by strong drinks.

"Nearly everybody in any general company will tell you," continues the writer, "more or less scircumstantial stories of how Prince George was married to an admiral's daughter at Malta at a time when he never expected to be called to the Throne. The admiral is sometimes Admiral S—, Admiral T—, or Admiral L—. The marriage is declared to be canonically valid, as it was celebrated, so the story goes, in the English church by an Anglican chaplain in the presence of the whole ship's company, under whose crossed swords the young couple, who had just been made man and wife in contravention of the Royal Marriage Act, walke din bridal procession from the church. By this marriage, which is represented as one of passionate affection on both sides, the story-tellers declare the King has had two children, and they were all living as happily as little birds in a nest when the death of his elder brother confronted Prince George with the horrible necessity of committing bigamy, according to the law of the church, in order to provide the Empire with an heir who would be legitimate under the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act.

"The Queen Alexandra, in this elaborated romance, is said to have flung herself with tears at the feet of Queen Victoria, imploring that relentless old lady to waive the objection to a marriage with a subject. But she implored in vain. The Malta marriage was ignored. The admiral's daughter and her two children were banished to some remote fastness in the wilds of Scotland, sometimes described as a lunatic asylum, where after a time the unhappy lady died. According to some visions, her father had previously committed suicide. But twice in every year the King is allowed to visit his two firstborn children, who, however, are carefully hidden from the prying search of the curious."

### MANY GIRLS TRY CIVIL SERVICE

The increasing tendency among he women of today to seek the means of earning their own livelihood is reflected in the figures presented in the report for last year of the British Civil Service Commissioners. Of the eighty-two open competitions for the Home Civil Service the results for which were announced during the year, sixty-five were for appointments in the Post Office. In thirty-three of these sixty-five examinations, 1,774 male candidates competed for seventy-three situations, and in the remaining thirty-two there were no fewer than 5,491 female competitors for 467 places. This total represents a large increase on that of the previous year, both in actual numbers and in relation to the appointments available, there being in 1908, a total of 3,791 girl competitors for 856 vacancies. The extent of the increase will be better appreciated from the statement that the average number of female candidates competing for each situation in 1909 was 11.7, whereas it was only 4.4 in 1908 and 4.6 in 1907.

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ADVERTISE IN THE NEWS



**THE JEW AND HIS DESTINY**

(Continued from page two)

in California. And then, as to their land; time and time again it has been subdued, but its occupation has been but temporary. The Romans, the Mohammedans, the Crusaders, and the Turks have all claimed conquest of the Holy Land, but not one of them has permanently subdued the country, and established therein a distinct nationality.

The only explanation possible of this state of things appears to be that the Land is only just awaiting the homecoming of its ancient people, the Jews. The Rev. Professor Blaikie, D.D., sums the matter up as follows: "All that we can say is, that the country is waiting for the people, and many of the people are looking to the country, and that events seem to be slowly moving towards a consummation that will unite the two."

In what way the wonderful reforms now being carried into permanent effect by British influence in Egypt will affect this project it is difficult to foresee. But it is not impossible of supposition that the once fertile land of Goshen, and the Great Euphrates valley may, with Jewish capital, skill, and enterprise, be made once more to blossom as the rose. To this end several circumstances appear to be independently working. Such for instance are the persistent hatred of the Russian towards the Jews, the intense universal yearning of the Jews themselves, the over-population of some European countries, and the anti-Semitic movement throughout almost the whole of Europe. These and other causes would seem to be all co-operating towards the same end.

For the Jew, therefore, there may be a fascinating prospect. Once more his brow-beaten and persecuted race may lift its proud head among the

nations in national independence. Once more will the widely acknowledged excellencies of the Semitic character have uninterrupted national development; once again there may be a king sitting on David's throne in Jerusalem. All this we verily believe may be, and will be seen in due time, but not yet—not, probably till the Jew have surrendered their stubborn hearts and rebellious wills to that Kingdom, to the everlasting truth of which the whole history of the Jewish people bears the most convincing testimony.

GEORGE BOWKER.

Edmonton.

**INDIANA'S WALKING SALOON.****Carries Liquor Concealed in Covered Basket.**

He walks along the streets on Sunday, a covered basket on his arm, a brazen gaze for all 'coppers' and a sly wink for all dry drinkers. He is

the "walking saloon," brought into existence by Mayor Shank's Sunday closing order. The police are looking for him, but thus far have found only two of him. Two hundred more of him are said to be tramping the streets on Sunday.

The walking saloon does not confine his efforts to Indianapolis. He may be found in any dry territory in Indiana at any and all times, and more than three-fourths of the State is dry.

The walking saloon does not carry a license; his only incumbrance is a big basket. He gets it on Saturday and peddles it on Sunday in the highway, and byways of the city and the state. He is a puzzle to the police, for all basket carriers are not walking saloons, although all walking saloons are basket carriers.—Indianapolis Sun.

If hope is really sweeter than fruition then blossoms are more to be desired than fruit.

# Palms

We sold a large number of Palms during the month of July, in fact more than we ever anticipated handling. We have a number still on sale and will during August sell them at the same prices as during July.

**Prices \$1.00 to \$8.00**

## Weddings

are a specialty with us. We have an expert for decorating, and that he is an artist has been vouched for by nearly every bride this year. Come in and see us. Our prices are reasonable and the work is done most satisfactorily.

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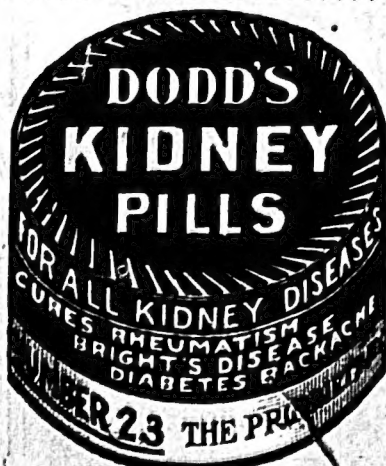
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### PROPOSAL IN PUBLIC

#### Comedy of a Bashful Alien's Courtship

A young Russian woman, Sara Pitre, who appealed to the London Alien Immigration Board against her rejection by the immigration officer, said she was coming here to stay with an uncle and to be married to a young tailor named Isaac Temple.

Temple was called before the board and asked if he were willing to marry the girl. He replied that he would do so in three weeks' time, if she wished. He earned £2 5s. a week.

The young woman in reply to the chairman, hesitated in accepting the offer of Temple. She would prefer, she said, through an interpreter, to wait six months.

Temple said to the young woman in Russian, "If you want to marry me you can do so. If not, you will have to go back to Russia."

Mr. Polak (a member of the board): If you are going to marry her the board have no objection to her coming in, but if she is to see what she can do and run about the streets, we don't want her. You take my advice and wait until you have made a home and saved some money.

Temple turning to the young woman, again asked her in Russian if she would marry him. She hung her head and returned a hesitating "Yes."

Mr. Polak: "You see, she says 'Yes,' but she doesn't mean it. I don't think much of our success as a matrimonial bureau."

The Chairman: "No; the young lady does not seem very much interested in him."

Asked why she wanted to wait for six months before being married, the girl replied with another question: "Why should I come here and be married in such a hurry?"

The board at first dismissed the appeal, but afterwards granted it on the applicant's aunt, Mrs. Meyer Aaron, undertaking to take care of the young woman until she was married. She accounted for the applicant's hesitancy by saying that she was bashful at the presence of so many men.—London Daily Mail.

### WHY WE ARE RIGHT-HANDED.

(Chicago Tribune)

Ninety-six per cent of humanity is right-handed, according to Dr. John Huber who has been studying the question of ambidexterity in the other 4 per cent. In a general way, the doctor ascribes the right-handedness of man to the equalizing of the heart's weight, its pulsations through the great arteries of the left side of the anatomy, and the weight of the blood itself.

In the lower animals, which have need of the use of the forepaws in hunting and feeding, nothing suggesting the facilities of one paw over the other is seen. The cat seems equally expert in nabbing a mouse with either claw; the monkey in ambidextrous, and the idiot of arrested development is classed as 50 per cent. double-handed.



### NOTICE TO STEAM ENGINEERS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an examination will be held by David Fraser, a duly appointed inspector of steam boilers for the Province of Alberta, at Vegreville, Aug. 31st, Alberta Hotel; Fort Saskatchewan, Sept. 1st, Queen's Hotel; Strathcona, Sept. 3rd, Orange Hall; Tofield, Sept. 5th, Hotel; Wainwright, Sept. 7th, Wainwright Hotel; Viking, Sept. 8th, Hotel; Morinville, Sept. 10th, Morinville Hotel; Stoney Plain, Sept. 12th, Bismarck Hotel; at 9 o'clock a.m. for the purpose of giving engineers and apprentices an opportunity for certificates under the provision of the Steam Boilers Act, 1906. Application forms may be obtained on application to the Department or to the above-named inspector, and must be properly filled out, witnessed, and declared to before a Commissioner or Justice of the Peace, before an examination can be granted.

JOHN STOCKS,  
Deputy Minister.

Department of Public Works,  
Edmonton, Alta.

A-13-20-27

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#### Too Good a Fellow.

He—But if you fancy there's anything wrong with your heart, why not see Scalp Smythe, the specialist?

She—I'm so afraid he'd discover it was something fatal.

He—Oh, rot! He wouldn't; he's an awfully decent fellow.

#### Why it Did Not Cure.

A certain chemist advertised a patent concoction labelled "No more colds. No more coughs! Certain cure! Price 1s. 1½d." A man who bought the mixture came back in three days to complain that he had drunk it all, and was no better. "Drunk it all!" gasped the chemist. "Why, man, that was an indiarubber solution to put on the soles of your boots."

WANTED.—GOOD OLD COUNTRY Furniture, China, Sheffield Plate or Silver.—Address M. F. H., Saturday News.

## LABOR DAY

September 5th, 1910

### REDUCED FARES

Via the



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Return Limit, Sept. 7, 1910

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## WHY?

Why should anybody anywhere spend more time learning shorthand than is necessary?

### GREGG SHORTHAND

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